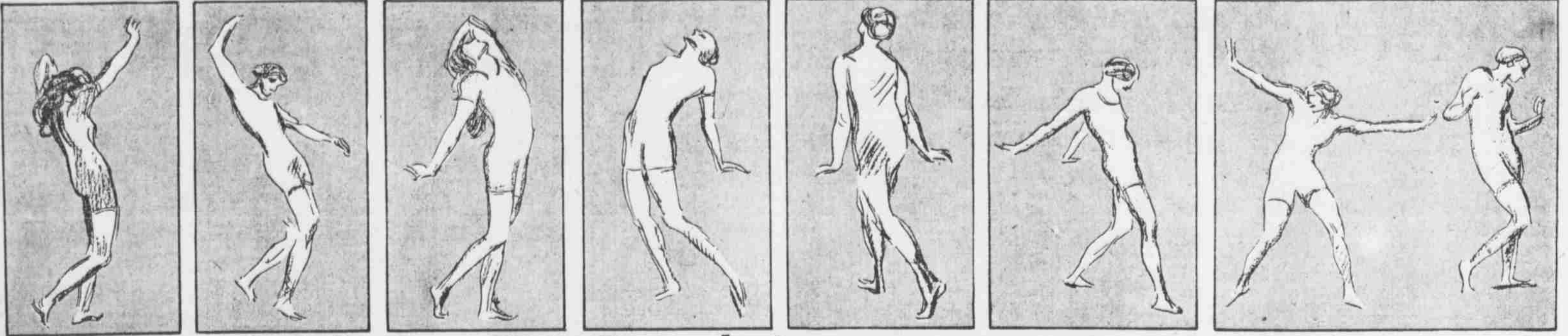


Interesting Sketches by Lupokova of a Plastic Pose Dance She Suggests as a Successor to the Tango.



## Our Tango Madness The Death Agonies of the Dance?

Lydia Lupokova, the Famous Russian Dancer, Tells Why She Has Given Up the Art and Gives Her Interesting Ideas of What Will Take Their Place When One-Step and Its Kind Are Buried

LYDIA LUPOKOVA, the premiere danseuse of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg and one of the few rivals of Anna Pavlova, has made a vow never to dance again. The modern craze for the tango, the one-step, the maxixe and their kind has driven her, she says, into retirement. She looks upon the dance mania that has swept over America and Europe during the last year as the "death agonies of Terpsichore."

Lupokova predicts that dancing, as it is done to-day, will cease, in America at least, within eight months. In its place will come plastic posing—perhaps the very oldest form of the art. Her observations and conclusions, interesting and worth thinking over even if not acquiesced in, follow:

By Lydia Lupokova.

Formerly Premiere Danseuse of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg.

I HAVE vowed never again to dance. For the best of reasons have I made my vow. The dance is dying. In six months it will be dead. One should not attach herself to a corpse.

The tango, the one-step, the maxixe, are murdering the dance. In the tango you see the death agonies of all dances. Through the Summer it may drag a lingering life, for Summer is the silly season, but the Winter will come upon the dance dead.

It will die because the foolish people who have danced and danced and danced will tire of it. Of that which we have done too much, the enjoyment with which we have been satiated, we tire. First weariness, then disgust, then abandonment. That is the history of all sensations overindulged in, and dancing is only a sensation.

It is well. I shall not raise my hand, my foot, nor my voice against the death of the dance. Although I have given all the life I can remember to it, though I have been as devout at the altar of dancing as ever priestess before her shrine, I have dropped it, and willingly, for I, too, am suffering from disgust. I have seen a great art decried, made foolish and absurd. I have seen the garments of Terpsichore trailing in the dust. I see dancing everywhere. I cannot escape it. It haunts me like the memory of a sin. I cannot be well served at table in restaurant or hotel, for there are no more good waiters. They have turned dancing teachers. I know a tailor who used to make thirty dollars a week. Now he makes three hundred a week by giving tango lessons.

"It is very much money," he said, "but I shall take it so long as they pay it."

There is no use doing things well which everyone is doing more or less badly and for which there exists no standard. Your dancing in America, what is it? One-stepping. You say you tango, but you say that because it sounds well. You do not tango, else two persons in your country would dance it the same way; but they do not. I have seen thousands dance what they call the tango, and no two have danced it the same. It is a chaos of one-steps into which the dancer tries to introduce individuality and only murders grace.

The American is light upon his feet. It is remarkable how little he seems to weigh though he weighs much. That may be truthfully said of him, but otherwise as a dancer he is deficient—sadly, almost hopelessly—for he has little music in him. For him the sense of rhythm is rudimentary and never seems to quite grow up. The dancing sense is not in him, and he substitutes, instead, dancing nonsense.

He attempts the maxixe. Merciful heavens! Again the lightness of his feet and nothing else. The maxixe is beautiful. It requires the dancing sense, music and rhythm, and Americans have them not. Therefore your maxixe is a burlesque.

The hesitation waltz? You do it better, but always there is the careless, slovenly leucism into one step which, as I have said, is only a walk.

The turkey trot is dead, and of what? It died last Winter of weariness, and was buried by disgust. It has preceded the others by a year. Next October I am certain they will be interred in the graveyard of memories of our follies.

Mourn not the passing of an evil thing. pronounce the dancing madness in the United States an evil thing because it undermines the character. It destroys the health. The mind, though, suffers most of all.

"Life will be stupid without the dance," you say. But you, my dear sir or madame, are stupid with it. Think of the head-emptying process of whirling about a room

to the accompaniment of insane sounds—I cannot call them music—for four or five hours! How profitably might that time be spent at the theatre seeing a noble play, one containing an idea, or in a library, or hearing or making good music. That the Americans are an intelligent people is everywhere granted in Europe, but the impression has grown less. Believe me, the nations that are your enemies, secret or open, would wish you to go on dancing and dancing until your brains atrophied from lack of use. By dancing you would become a stupid people.

The effect of the modern dancing upon the health is apparent. The average person cannot with safety dance more than fifteen minutes a day. Yet young, delicate girls dance four and five hours every evening, or at least several evenings a week. The strain, even upon a normal heart, is too great. If the heart is weak, death hangs by the proverbial thread above her head. But greater is the menace to the nerves. The Americans can, less than any other nation afford, to tamper with their nervous systems, already overstimulated by their exhilarating climate and by overwork and too great ambition.

The effect of the dance upon the character has been to drag life down to the lowest sensual plane. That sturdy sense of independence and the energy utilized for the amassing of great wealth degenerates in that atmosphere into mere love of sensation. The newspapers told recently of a young wife running away from her home because she had met at a tango tea a young man whom she preferred. Her husband didn't tango. More American wives than you suspect prefer tango partners to husbands. Many a foolish or lawless alliance is predicated at tango teas.

Only to-day I heard of a woman who was neglecting her children. She was away from home all day because she wanted to dance. That maidens lose their heads over the dance is not remarkable, but when the dance begins to undermine the home by weakening the character of its cornerstone, the mother, it is time that the madness cease.

History offers one cycle upon cycle. Events are analogous. Two hundred years ago in Germany there was much dancing. People danced and danced and danced. And by and by their brains began to go

round as their bodies did. Many dancers went mad. The Germans became disgusted. Dancing was dropped, was almost forgotten. That, I predict, will happen here, and very soon.

A step toward that end is that your gray-haired women and gray-bearded men have joined the procession of follies.

The hearts of these dear, misguided folk are unable to endure long the strain. Without doubt dancing will shorten their lives. Sudden deaths need not surprise the families of these mature dancers. And how great the loss to dignity. The light foot, the light heart and the not too heavy head are the trinity of the dance. In Europe gray hair marks the dancing limit. Here I should wish that it did for the silver crowns mingling with the youthful golds and browns and blacks prove that indeed dancing has reached the point of madness in the United States.



Greta Rosenthal, the Famous German Dancer, in a Plastic Pose Dance.



A Figure Which Lupokova Thinks Will Be the Successor of the One-Step. A Plastic Pose Imitating the Faun.

Shall we say that a young woman who has been giving these dansant and dinner dances wonders how, when the craze for dancing has ceased, she will entertain her friends? I suggest that she assemble groups of the friends in plastic poses of Botticelli's "Spring" and in the lovely Watteau groups. Therein the dancing postures are taken without the dancing steps. These human pictures will educate in art while they stir a nobler emulation than the present one of who can dip the lowest in the "lame duck."

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Lydia Lupokova, the Premiere Danseuse of the Royal Theatre in St. Petersburg, Who Has Forsworn the Dance Because of Its "Decadence."

PHOTO BY WHITE, N.Y.

The "Flirtation" Movement in the Maxixe. One of the New Dances That Lupokova Declares Marks the Death of Dancing.

laries will be compensation for the passing of the dance.

A plea for the universality of the dance is that it has caused persons of sedentary habits to take exercise they needed. But that is untrue. The exercise is taken in crowded rooms where the air cannot be fresh and where, if you breathe fresh air, you court a draught and the colds that come in its train.

No, the needed physical exercise can be

supplied by walks. Walk an hour and a half every day at whatever rate is natural. Riding, swimming, tennis are all better exercises than dancing, because of their better environment.

And so I have forewarned my life-work—dancing. I shall earn my living, instead, in the drama. I have packed my ballet skirts and my slippers with the wooden toes.

They are the symbols that in America, in the year 1914, dancing made men and women mad, and that after that dancing ceased.

## Why New York and Boston Are Doomed to Sink Some Day Beneath the Ocean

GOVERNMENT geological experts have calculated that New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all the other cities along the Atlantic coast will eventually sink beneath the ocean. They have observed that there has been a steady sinking of the whole coast, and they say that it is going on at the present moment. This is one of the many interesting facts contained in William Atherton Du Puy's new book, "Uncle Sam, Wonder Worker" (F. A. Stokes Company).

How long will it be before the ocean flows over our cities? This is very uncertain. According to some geologists it may take thousands of years, but then others estimate that it will be sooner.

C. A. Davis, the Government geologist, is the expert who has been voicing the evidence concerning the sink-

ing of the coast. His studies of marshes have led him up and down the Atlantic coast line, and the more exhaustive his study the more impressed he has become with the decline of all that region.

Geologists have long recognized the fact that the Atlantic coast line was much farther out than it is now. There is a line from one hundred to three hundred miles off the present coast at which the water suddenly gets deeper. Out to that distance the water is generally about three hundred feet deep. Then it plunges suddenly and becomes ten times as far to the ocean's bottom.

The men of the Coast Survey have traced this line throughout the length of our coast line and find it similar all along. The geologists say that the continent once reached out that far, and that there was the coast line. But a gradual decline through the ages has caused that line to retreat,

until now it is where we know it. From a geological standpoint, this has happened in comparatively recent times. It has all been done since the glacial period. This brings it into the present period and makes the action new. In fact, it is positively known to be going on now.

There is an ancient sill in the Charlestown Navy Yard, at Boston, with regard to which there is definite information as to its elevation. It was put in place seventy years ago. Its elevation was given with relation to mean, high and low tide, and also with reference to surrounding landmarks. With relation to the tide this sill has sunk seven-tenths of a foot.

With relation to the landmarks it has the same position. John R. Freeman, the engineer for the Charles River dam, takes this as a positive proof that Boston harbor and the city about it has sunk seven-tenths of a foot into the sea in the last seventy

years. Engineer Freeman has also studied New York and vicinity with reference to the same thing, and reports this conviction that the same degree of subsidence has been going on there.

The original mouth of the Hudson River is now 200 miles out to sea. The ships follow its old channel in leaving port even now. It is not known how long ago it was when the mouth of the river was not far out in the ocean. But it is almost a certainty that when a similar time has elapsed the present city will be an equal distance from the then land.

Similarly will Boston be submerged. Baltimore will disappear about the same time, and great portions of Washington. The great Mississippi is bringing down great deposits to raise its delta and counterbalance the decline. So low is New Orleans that it will be one of the first cities to sink below the sea

level and be a municipality high alone. In this way New York City might be saved from destruction for a very long time. It would inevitably become a city surrounded by a high levee, against which the ocean would beat with an ever-increasing advantage. It might perpetuate itself by artificial means, but in the end it will be put in an impossible position. The waters will follow over the flat of New Jersey and of Long Island.

They will even beat back through the Delaware and the Chesapeake and get beyond the city and cut off communication with the main part of the land. Finally, New York will find itself a city down in a well far out from the mainland. Gradually the people who dwell in it will desert it and repair to the mainland.

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